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Teen Writer's Issue/

...to be a teenager

by Diane Hashim
Pittsfield, Mass.

A TEMPO

by Ann Gfeller
Slater, Iowa

*Strange, what an art
gallery can do to people*

by Elinor Dick
Washington, D. C.

COMMANDMENT POINT

by Craig Bender
Chambersburg, Pa.

The Peace Your Valor Won

by Georgene Evans
Trenton, Ill.

THE HOUSE

by Mark Riesenberger
Belleville, Ill.

Fall from the nest

by John Paulson
Absarokee, Mont.



DIANE: "‘To Be A Teenager’ was written by me neither as a school assignment especially for this award, but at a time when I felt the need of expressing on my thoughts, those of every teenager at one time or another. In writing this, I to express a teenager's view of life and to bring to teenagers the realization that are not alone in their thoughts and ideals."



ANN: "Creative writing is a hobby which affords me much pleasure, and this pleasure as well as for the award that I wrote 'A Tempo.' I wrote the my first year at music contest in mind, hoping that it might encourage someone is struggling with music. The field of short stories is one which I have just beg probe."



ELINOR: "I was basically concerned with the great problems of communication, seems to be the root of all conflict and of all understanding. Too often people hide from each other and live in a constant farce. With a little effort, they discover that an open expression of feelings would bring a desired semblance of to the vacuum in which they find themselves. Love, the essence of living, lose value when it cannot be related, communicated among people."



CRAIG: "‘Commandment Point’ was simply an effort to recreate the beauty Lake Erie coast. As I developed the movement of ‘Commandment Point’ it occurred to me that I could use as a theme Porter Seiwel's statement, ‘you can't break the Commandments; you can only break yourself against them.’ The actual writing choice of words, was the most difficult task of all. I chose words, erased them, better words in an effort that lasted almost two months."



GEORGENE: "As I wrote the story, I tried to think of the five people involved on a rapidly spinning wheel. The wheel blends the people into one and put it all over the North and South. By using only one New England family I have to epitomize the heartbreak, the tears shed, and the despair caused by three hot, 11 days in July 1863 in a homey Pennsylvania town. To me the Civil War has always been more than just a reason for a big centennial."



MARK: "As a member of the youth fellowship at Trinity Evangelical and Reformed Church, I first noticed 'The House' while helping during an annual clean-up week sponsored by the fellowship. When I later saw that YOUTH was asking for original fiction material, I knew I had to write about this old, crumbling house. In this particular piece, there is more to it than what might seem on the surface. As to its meaning, I'll let you decide for yourself."



JOHN: "Against a grey Chicago morning you look back at the aging roofs of the House, now your home for your stay in the city. Jane Addams lit a match to her door and now this building stands as a beacon in the lightless West Side, pock-marked old, broken-down apartments and tenements. You wonder why there were not like her; why man ever let such a wrong scar his face; why no one cares."

Teens win awards by telling tales well and thinking big thoughts

Every article in this issue is written by a teenager. Each writer was among those who responded to our 1962 YOUTH ACTION AWARD competition. And as we had announced in an earlier issue, the winning writer of each article being published in YOUTH magazine is receiving twenty-five dollars. We'd like your reaction to the stories, articles, and poetry which these young people have written. And we'd like you, too, to try your hand at writing for YOUTH magazine and its many readers.

So impressed were we by the creativity of those youth whose works are found in this issue that we decided to try it again. This time we're inviting not only those youth who write well, but those who express their ideas and feelings through other means of creative art. We're calling the competition by the title: YOUTH Magazine's CREATIVE ARTS AWARD. Check page 31 for more details.

Do you compose poetry? Do you feel at ease with pen and sketchbook? Is photography your hobby? Do you like to write funny satires, sad tales, sports stories, symbolic fiction, personal confessionals, serious essays, editorials, or straight-from-the-shoulder articles? How do you express yourself best? What's the most important thing you'd like to tell the world? We're coming you to use our pages for your creative expression. Let yourself go!

Youth

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EXIT



... to be a teenager

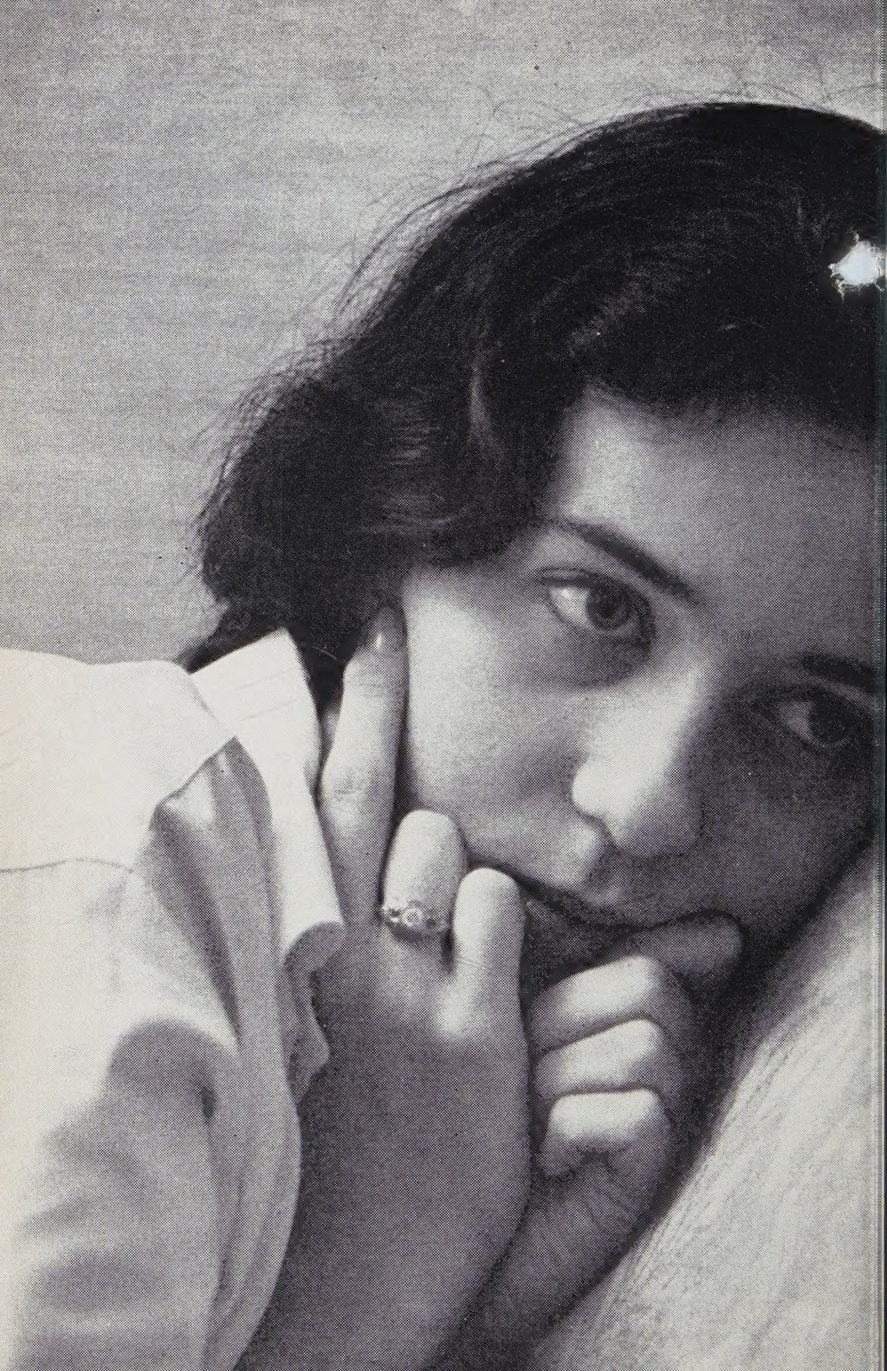
by Diane Hashin

We're called a free country—the United States, and maybe our country is free, but what about us, the teenagers? We're pushed

and shoved from all sides by our well-meaning parents and other adults. They call us crazy, shiftless, lazy, nuts, and ask themselves what will happen to the world when we take over in the future. How they (the adults) have shaped the world into the mess it's in, is wholly disordered. They often call us delinquents, beatniks, odds, queers, or just "teenagers" with a meaningful look in their criticizing eye. Why don't they try to understand us? Why can't they see that we're human beings, not machines; not some freaks of nature? They often smile at each other and proudly state, "My daughter . . .", or "My son . . .". But the next minute they look at us queerly when we say or do something different in regard to *their* standards of what *we* should do.

If they can't understand us, why don't they just accept us? We're all searching for something, we don't know what, or where, or how—maybe it's just around the corner, maybe it's far off in the distance, maybe it's ourselves we're searching for! Questions taunt us unceasingly: "Who are we?" "Why are we here?" "What's our purpose in life?"

True, there are many people a teenager can talk to sometimes and find comfort. But truthfully questioning yourself, have you ever wholly unburdened yourself to an adult? Revealed all your secret hopes and desires, dreams, and ambitions? A few may have—a few. But what about the many, many who haven't? We're all seeking something. We want to let ourselves go, be free to do what we want, unhindered by realities, go where we want, oblivious of boundaries, fulfill our most out-of-control dreams and ambitions, and find something in life purposeful and meaningful for us. We want to build a miraculous dream-world of fantasy, a world of peace, friendship, kindness, love. And many of us long for someone or something to cling to, to be near, to belong to us alone, to be always understanding, and to need us as we need it. We're lost and alone, and so often misunderstood. Where can we go? To whom may we turn? Our muddled, confused feelings are forever changing and new outlets are unceasingly being discovered by which we release our pent-up feelings. It may be a new record or a movie star, a change of hairdo, a flashy outfit. It may be anyone or anything at all—just so it has meaning for us, even though it may mean nothing to someone else. We're all searching, forever searching and reaching, wanting to grasp something, even when we don't know what it is ourselves. It must be somewhere—somewhere. Somewhere there must be a place for us, and a time for us. Somewhere! Maybe someday, somehow, we'll find our place. ▼



A TEMPO

by Ann Gfeller

he leaned against the wall. The cold bricks sent shivers down her
e. She longed to wheel and run from the bustling activity, the chatter
riends, the corridor walls ready to close in on her; but to run down
e strange halls, stretching endlessly to places unknown, would be
ardice now. The weeks of work would be wasted. Melody just ►
ed the others weren't so sure of her when she herself was so unsure.

A TEMPO continued

A heavy-set lady caught Melody's attention. She was obviously mother, overly-anxious for her daughter's success.

"Blow into your flute. You can't play it, if it's cold!"

"But I have already, Mother." The girl was tall and slim, and height was accentuated by her blonde hair piled high on her head.

"Well, do it some more. You can't let your flute get cold."

The girl sighed, obediently raised the flute to her lips, and blew it until she disappeared into the contest room.

"I'm glad my mother doesn't nag at me like that. That girl may be competition, but I do feel sorry for her," thought Melody.

The strains of bird-like music could not be held by doors. They drifted through the corridors in pleasing manner to the heart, but Melody overheard with her ears. "What made them think I had a chance?" she asked herself. "My tones will never compare to those, and my piece so simple, so obviously a labored attempt to sound good."

Too soon, it was Melody's turn. She entered the contest room with her accompanist and band director, Mr. Canton. Hostile faces seemed to leer at her. She saw her schoolmates and friends enter and sit down. The judge was sitting at a desk at the back of the room. He nodded to the woman who announced the contestants.

"Contestant eleven, Hillcrest," said the woman.

Melody raised her flute to her lips and began to play.

* * *

"These corridors!" Melody thought. "These corridors—so cold and dreary and endless, so full of people. Everywhere, people!" Her head pounded, and her ears roared louder and louder, "They know, they know, they know . . ."

Now, as the homeroom and peace were just ahead, the tears were welling inside her. Oh, to be alone, alone with her frustrations and tears! She stumbled blindly about the room, deaf to the sympathetic praises of her friends.

"Even the best musicians forget their music, sometimes."

"You did a fine job!"

"You're still the best flutist in my book."
No matter what rating the judge gives you, you deserve a one."
She could stand it no longer. The words burst from her mouth. "If
more person says I should have had a one rating, I'll scream!"
Then they came, the burning, blinding tears, streaming down her
face. "Leave me alone! Can't you see I don't want your sympathy? It
can't give me a rating, or help me play my flute better. I can't play a
flute, and I'll never be able to. I'll never play it again, never, never, as
long as I live!"
Her friends left her alone with her thoughts and her tears, alone at

* * *

She hadn't intended to go to the music room for band, but something
had drawn her there. Perhaps it had been force of habit or the memories
of so many happy hours spent in that room.
She glimpsed an empty chair; on it lay a flute—her flute. The metal
caught a beam of light. The beckoning light pulled at Melody's heart-
strings—and her feet! She hesitated; then, for a brief hour, only the
music remained.

After rehearsal, Mr. Canton told Melody quietly, "I knew you
would come."

Question marks showed in Melody's eyes. "But how could you have
known when I didn't know myself?"

"You tried to forget music, but the music would not forget you. It's
a part of you and you a part of it too long a time."

"But—"

"Don't tell me that this is different. Forgetting your music was not
a terrible thing. Everyone makes mistakes, even the best musicians.
We must learn to forget the discord and dwell on the music."

"Dwell on the music," she murmured softly. "Dwell on the music.
I promise that I will dwell on the music until, someday, I will know
a victory that will go far beyond a contest rating and far beyond this
world. I will forget the discord and dwell on the music." ▼

Strange, what an art galle

by Elinor D



n do to people . . .

For several weeks, I had anxiously anticipated my birthday trip to the art gallery with David. We had been friends for a year and had gone to one party together. We seemed to know each other pretty well, but mostly through school, and I looked forward to being able to *really* share with him, away from the rush of school. Since we both were interested in art, it seemed logical that we would have a good afternoon together.

I had College Boards (ghastly thought!) the Saturday morning of my birthday, and David had a biology seminar, so he agreed to pick me up at my house about one in the afternoon. I rushed home from Boards to get ready in time, but it wasn't worth it. David didn't come until two o'clock. He told me, and I understood, why he was late—the seminar had gone overtime—but it irritated me that he hadn't told me earlier that he might be late although he knew he easily might be, nor did he make an effort to call and let me know that day. He obviously realized that I wasn't very happy about it, and I think he really was a little ashamed, but neither of us said anything more after he made a slight apology and I excused him. It was just one of those situations in which two people know how the other feels because of the expression in his voice, but each is afraid to admit it openly to the other. When I learned that David hadn't had any lunch, I offered him some, but he refused to eat anything before we left. ►

As we drove to the art gallery, it was hard for me to talk with David. Somehow, I just couldn't relax. I worried about saying the right thing and about saying the wrong thing. I wanted to sit next to him in the car but knew I couldn't because we were "just friends." Any position I maneuvered myself into seemed awkward. I didn't know what to do with my hands or legs—they seemed such a nuisance. I was perspiring heavily, and I had an urge to bite my fingernails. David seemed carefree in his conversation and totally unaware of my being ill at ease. He rattled on about all the books he had been reading and about his college plans and all his school activities. I tried to make intelligent comments, I tried to appear interested—I tried to *be* interested, but being so caught up in my thoughts of how awkward I felt and all that, I didn't really get much out of the conversation, nor did I offer much. My behavior really was all sort of ridiculous, but what was even more ridiculous was that I didn't realize it after we got downtown.

When I asked David if he knew where the art gallery was, he assured me that he did, and we *did* get in the general neighborhood. We had only been to the gallery once before, so I had just a vague recollection of what the building looked like. After we parked the car, David started leading me to a large building which didn't look at all familiar and rightly so, because after we went in, it obviously was not the art gallery. It took quite a while to convince David that he had been wrong even with elephants and dinosaurs surrounding us instead of paintings. Then I lead him down the street a block or so to the right place. I really felt sorry for David. It must be hard for a boy to make a mistake like that when he's with a girl. I laughed a lot about it, because it really seemed funny to me. He didn't say much of anything, and he didn't laugh much. It was easier for me to laugh than it was for him.

As we started through the galleries, our differences in taste came out in the open more than our common tastes. David preferred paintings of the Renaissance period—meekly smiling madonnas and children enclosed in elaborate, bold frames. I found it difficult to appreciate such curiosities. On the other hand, David detested sculptures while I liked them. The only area we really agreed on was French impressionism; we both liked that. Throughout the afternoon, I struggled to be free in expressing myself. David's view somehow suppressed my own. I wanted so much to hold his hand or to lock my arm in his, just to be right all that seemed so wrong.

After several hours, we decided it was time to go home, particularly

ause David still hadn't had anything to eat. Both of us were pretty d. Our ride home was marked by almost complete silence. I kept thinking of things I could say, things I wanted to say, like, "David, what's wrong between us?", or "I'm sorry I'm not much of a conversationalist," but the words just wouldn't come out. I think he had the same feeling. And when he left me at the door, I was so tired and confused by what had happened, I didn't even really thank him for the afternoon. It hadn't been all bad, in spite of its peculiarities, and saying, "Thank you," would have indicated that I wasn't really angry, because I wasn't. Mostly, I guess, I was confused.

That evening, as I thought about what had happened, I began to see the true nature of David's personality. His late arrival indicated his lack of consideration for me, and his refusal to eat anything at the house or the art gallery showed so clearly his stubbornness—and his lack of common sense! His inability to be sensitive to my feelings of awkwardness during the afternoon was characteristic of his generally inadequate sensitivity to others' feelings; he wasn't very perceptive of people. Our differences of opinion in art were not the important thing; what really mattered was our inability to accept and respect the other person's view when it was expressed.

Not only did I begin to recognize more about David's personality; I understood more about my relationship with him. I was always making concessions with David, suppressing my own feelings, afraid that revealing my true opinion would cause a breach between us. It suddenly occurred to me that what I had really wanted with David was to have him as my boy friend. I always told myself that we were "just friends," but I hadn't accepted it emotionally. I guess the simple term is that while I thought I loved him, I really was only infatuated with him. It took me time to realize what a fool I had been. But as I thought more about it, I knew that I couldn't just forget David, that I couldn't completely separate myself from him to make up for the way I had let him dominate me. Even if I had been infatuated, even if he couldn't be my boy friend, I still liked him, I still cared about him and our friendship. When I talked to him at school, I discovered that he also had been bothered by what had happened on our trip to the art gallery and that he had been concerned about our friendship. All at once, it was easier to talk and relax with him, because for the first time, we had really been honest with each other and had expressed our feelings openly. The pain that had separated us for so long had been healed. ▼

Commandment Point

by Craig Bender

Storm Prelude

*Gray flannel sky, ominously grumbling,
Spitting brisk wisps of wind across the rebel
lake,
Shadows the seaside cinema.
Beneath the mighty marble buttress
of Commandment Point,
The restive waves shoot against the rock,
Shattering thickly into broken fragments of
water.
Smoky wind spasmodically slaps dead leaves
And sends them in scratch-clacking retreat.
Silver rain begins to rattle the dead leaves
And splatter the essence of dry earth.
The rain tempo increases, shooting forays
Of rain drops through the dry rattling trees.
The sky frowns disapprovingly.*



Crisis

*Mercurous rain streaks the black horizon
With silver haze.*

Curtains of rain

slash across

crackling

Terrain, and crashing sea

Pounding out radical staccato rhythms,

Torturing the murky, eerie waters

That foam like cauldrons of hell.

Raging seas respond to torturing daggers

Of gleaming rain.

Mighty mallets of water

Hammer the gleaming white marble coast;

The seas rise bodilessly to subdue the rock,

Failing, fall into despondently surging seas.

Again the mighty sea flexes his muscles

Hurtling mallets and fists forward with

Reckless rage. Smash! Up!

Sea climbing the insurmountable Marble Rock

Again the sea charges. Slashing!

Crushing! Climbing! Groping!

Falling! Swallowed by its fury.

Remorse

Clouds of cleansing foam

Wash off the once slate sky.

Pacific blues beam through cloud recesses

Throwing a heavenly hue on the Rock

And the sea.

*Commandment Point stands solid and
stalwart.*

Its white marble sprays spectres

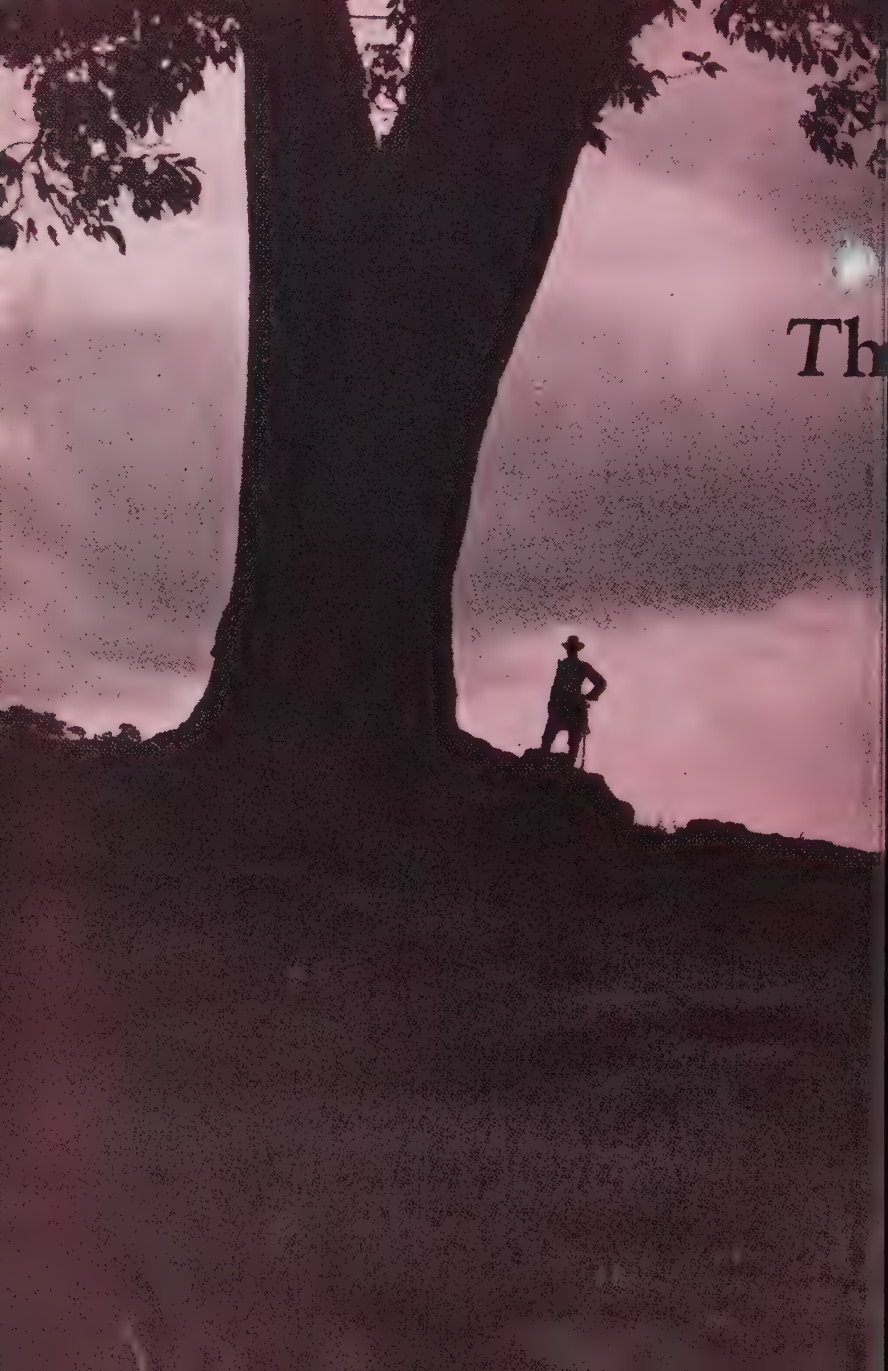
Of light from the pacific sky

Beneath the eternal marble buttresses,

The wrinkling waves meekly lick

Its seaweed-stained feet.

Th





ce Your Valor Won

by Georgene Evans

The Peace Your Valor Won

The letter had traveled a long way—from a town in Pennsylvania called Gettysburg to Sunapee, New Hampshire. Betty Dressney waved it gaily as she dashed into the sturdy farm house. "Ma," she cried, "who do we know who lives in Gettysburg? We got a letter from there."

Ma Dressney dried her hands on her huge apron and reached for the letter. Betty moved away. "I don't know the writing. Mother, Pete said he was going to give my picture to that nice Irish boy. Remember? Richard O'Shea. After all, Pete's troops are in Pennsylvania."

"It's addressed to your father and me," she said sternly. "Pa, come and read your mail."

Reluctantly Betty handed the slim envelope to her father. Suddenly she chirped, "Pa, I ain't never had no mail. Let me open it!"

Pa Dressney handed the letter back to her and began to search for his ever-misplaced glasses. Betty's eager hands tore at the envelope. He sighed in despair and sat down. "You read, Betty. I kain't find my glasses."

Betty nearly screamed as she glanced at the thin paper. "It's not Pete's handwriting," she cried, "but it's signed with Pete's name!"

"It ain't," Pa Dressney confirmed as he squinted at the penciled writing. "Read, daughter."

"Dear Ma, Pa, and Betty," she read in a quivering voice. "There's a real bad battle going on here. It's in its second day now, but we're licking the Rebels and will soon send Robt. Lee running for home. We've got the upper hand in this battle. I've been shot, though. It ain't much to worry about. It was low in the left shoulder. A few more inches, and it might have been my heart." Betty's voice trailed off into tears. Her parents were ashen in color, and here mother's eyes were brimming with tears.

"Read on," Ma Dressney choked in anguish.

"I'll be home soon to rest and get well," Betty continued,

and then I'll be able to fight again. Don't worry, folks, I'll be home soon."

Ma Dressney collapsed into a straight-backed chair, tears streaming down her chalky face. "Ma," comforted Betty although she was crying too, "Pete signed it himself. He says he'll be better soon and he's coming home. Please don't cry."

"No," sobbed Ma Dressney. "I can tell—I can feel it—Pete's dead!"

* * *

The Round Tops—twin hills of jagged rock—were fine vantage points near Gettysburg. Luck found the Union occupying them on the morning of the second day of the battle. But Ewell, the eccentric, one-legged general of the Confederacy, was determined to gain the hills for the South. Union prisoners had told the Rebels that one of the hills was occupied by signalmen only. So under cover of thick smoke, the Rebels crept like Indians toward Little Round Top. A hot gust of July wind twisted the smoke a little, and General Warren saw the Rebels coming. The news was spread, and soon regiments of Union soldiers stormed up Little Round Top in an effort to meet the onslaught of Rebels. They raced up the east slope while the Southerners advanced on the west side: they met at the summit. Muskets began firing individually, then a ragged volley until the single shot muskets were empty. Officers whipped out pistols while privates fought with the butts of their muskets, rocks, and bare hands. Very few officers carried sabres: they were cavalry gear, but those who had them cut at their enemy.

Only minutes ago, these Union soldiers had been marching wearily along the road. Suddenly they were plucked from the drudgery of march to one of the most desperate hand-to-hand battles of the War Between the States.

A Rebel officer's sabre flashed by, slicing into the forehead of a young Union soldier, sending his cap flying and

The Peace continued

revealing a mass of golden curls. As the youth staggered backward, a pistol bullet tore into his breast.

Slowly the Rebels were pushed off Little Round Top. As they retreated, they left the gullies lined with their dead, mingled with the dead of the Union.

The Union boys cried out in horror as they discovered close friends or mess-mates lying dead and wounded among the cruel rocks of Little Round Top. "Pete!" cried a tall soldier as he bent over a fair-haired youth. "Pete, are you hurt bad?"

Pete pulled himself up on his elbow. "Carter," he gasped in pain. "Take—take me to the hospital. I-I—" His voice trailed off in a groan of agony.

* * *

Sarah Handley felt like screaming. It was hot and humid, and all day she had helped to treat the steady flow of wounded from Gettysburg's fields until her dress was drenched in blood. She had seen countless maimed bodies and bandaged an unbelievable number of shattered limbs. A thick blanket of night had crept over the primitive outdoor hospital, but darkness did not hush the snaps of musketry, the roar of cannon, the anguished cries of the dying, or the steady flow of wounded. Now the night air seemed like something alive as white and gold flashes streaked across it and blossomed like lethal flowers.

Hands tore at her brown, homespun dress as she passed between rows of wounded. Men begged her for water and to write letters home before they died. She stopped before the blanket of one youthful soldier and clutched her pencil and tablet tighter. The soldier looked like a golden-haired angel, she thought. He was lying with a blanket tucked around his chin; a red gash stood out along his chalky forehead.

Sarah knelt beside the quiet figure to see if he was still

alive. His eyelids fluttered a little, then opened slowly. "Am I going to die?" he asked in a childish voice.

The young Quaker girl almost sobbed. "Please," she begged. "Just try to hold on. The doctor will be able to help you soon."

"Are you a nurse?" he asked, then coughed deeply from his lungs.

Sarah tried to hold back the tears. "No, but—I'll try to help you."

The youth noticed her pencil. "Please," he pleaded, "write me a letter. Home, to my folks."

Sarah could scarcely keep her mind on the letter the youth dictated to her. He was so young: he could not possibly be 18. His pale blue eyes already seemed to hold the spell of death.

The letter was a typical letter home. It was almost reassuring in attitude, but the underlying thought was terror—unmistakable fear of the unknown and death.

The youth reached out of the covers for the pencil and signed 'Pete' in shaky letters. "That'll be okay," he said with a wan smile, "until I can write again." Sarah realized that she was staring at the red stain of blood near his heart. This boy could not live more than a few hours, at the most.

Around him were lying many others who would never see another day be born. Beside him was a boy from Vermont: next to that one was a New Yorker: near him lay some Rebels from Tennessee and Georgia. The surgeons would try to undo the harm that the Union soldiers had done to these young Rebels. But how many of them would never be whole again!

Sarah glanced back to young Pete. His eyes were closed again, and his golden hair clung in little ringlets across the shaggy cut. His breath was coming in small, jerky gasps. "The peace your valor won," Sarah whispered, quoting a popular Northern hymn. "Enjoy the peace your valor won." ▼



THE HOUSE

by Mark Eisenberger

As I look out the cold, half-frosted window, the bleak wintery days seem to completely envelop the old house across the street with an eerie, quiet forbearance. The black clouds in the threatening sky hover nervously overhead, protecting the defeated structure from the driving, chilling wind, shadowing its decay features from a world that seems to have forgotten everything good. Either out of contempt or from a longing for more infinite and less easily defined, the squirrels and stray dogs stay away from its rotting presence. Even the neighborhood children, to whom a yard of new-fallen snow is paradise, refuse to desecrate its perfect white shroud. Thus it stands today as it has stood for countless other days, resolved to an even more infinite number of tomorrows, in loneliness.

Once proud and strong, the house is now an empty shell, gutted and abandoned, and the coming of winter serves only to accentuate the ancient building's sentence of perpetual and eternal desolation. With the wind whistling through its broken windows, it seems to ask why such misfortune has befallen it; but the only reply is a hail of stinging raindrops that beat unmercifully upon dark, rotted timbers and drip relentlessly like many small tears from huge gaping holes.

Around the narrow walk winding to the left sprawls a high hedge which points to the house with long, unkept fingers, as if in ridicule. The pickets of the low broken fence in front rattle in contempt of the ugly structure they guard. Even the tall trees dotting the yard sneer scornfully as their barren limbs bend first one way and then another in the biting wind.

Still the timeworn building stands, as it has long stood, like a once-proud boxer, too old and broken to fight, yet too proud to give up. Never again will it hear the voices of people happy to have its comfort-protection. Never again will its decaying walls witness the sadness of joy, the sorrow and pleasure of life. It can only wait, and watch. It hopes; hopes that sometime, somewhere a day will dawn when the endless winter will give way to a new spring, a day when loneliness will give way to happiness, a day when once again the old house will stand proud and strong. ▼





Fall from the nest

by John Paulson

This summer I was fortunate enough to be a member of a team of young people from Montana who spent several weeks working with children from the inner city area of Chicago. As the days of preparation became fewer and the day of departure grew nearer, I became profoundly confused as to what to expect or what I might find in the big city. So on one clear July morning we found ourselves together in an old school bus, east bound for Chicago. ►

When the Montana teens traveled to Chicago last summer, they worked with children who lived in an inner city situation.

Chicago—I had a fuzzy image of tall skyscrapers and smelly sections, and it all seemed so very far away. Chicago—high and mighty. Here three and a half million people live together, work together, struggle together in a maze of lofty buildings and flashing signs. Here exist several different worlds, each distinctly apart from the other. A paradise of \$400-a-month Gold Coast apartment houses, a haven of suburban homes and green lawns, and a dense and hazy jungle of broken-down apartments and tenement buildings. It was into this “world” that we went.

It is hard to imagine and harder yet to explain what life is like in this section. Streets cluttered with broken glass and garbage, four-story buildings warped with age and misuse, dirty little shops and fly-infested grocery stores, and little colored children running and playing and fighting on the sidewalks while their mothers watch from the rickety steps of the only home they have ever known.

Here the average family is one mother, four children, no father, supported on welfare alone. Here to some women another child means a larger Aid-to-Dependent-Children check, and the father of the next baby might be any stranger she happens to meet. Here four times as many people live together in one building as should, and as many as 12 people use the same bathroom. Crime flourishes—drug addiction, robbery, assault, and prostitution just across from the church. This is the inner city, frightfully concrete and real.

But here there is hope also, for these are people in need, not of pity but of love; not of a handout but of a hand. And so often their call is muffled by the sheltered security of our little nests, so far away but really so very close.

There were 18 of us and we were divided into two groups. Ten of us, including myself, worked on the Casa Central and First Congregational Church Summer Bible School program while the others worked at the Side Christian Parish. Casa Central is a ministry to the Spanish-speaking people of the area. Through its efforts, the Puerto Rican and Mexican people who have migrated to the city, receive birth control information, medical and dental care, music lessons for a small fee for their children, and many other forms of help and concern. The value of such an institution is incomprehensible.

For the first two weeks our group taught Bible school at an old schoolhouse on Division Street. Every window in the old building was broken, the fenced-in gravel playlot suggested a prison rather than a school. Most of the kids who went there lived across the street in

ernment project houses, called "high risers." They were Negro and Puerto Rican—seldom during our stay there did we see another white person other than a member of our group. The Bible school lasted for a few hours in the morning, afterwards most of the time was spent playing softball, which the kids loved, or we painted pictures, or sat around

and had a group of four or five 12-year-olds who weren't too different from most boys that age. They were full of energy, which was often directed in the wrong direction and you had to practically sit on them to keep them in one place. But their minds were alive and they were very different individuals, and demanded recognition as such. And yes, they were different. Instead of wanting new clothes and Hondas and things common to us, they wanted desperately to be loved—purely, simply and unconditionally. And more than to try to pound Bible verses into them, we had to love them and understand them with the reward we received being greater than anything we could ever have given.

In the afternoons we worked at Casa Central and the Warren Avenue Congregational Church, scrubbing floors and walls, sorting clothing, and putting up shelves. The kids working at the parish did much of the same thing. Teamwork and good spirits prevailed, so we knocked the dust off at a pretty good clip. Then in the evenings we sought out the "real" Chicago. Some of us took a beautiful boat ride up the lake and saw the lights of the city. We visited a tiny coffee shop and listened to some of the best singers I have ever heard. We went to the Riverview Amusement Park, to a Grant Park Symphony Concert, to a football and baseball game, and to the movie, "West Side Story." We also talked to street workers, professors at Chicago Theological Seminary, and to a sergeant on the Narcotics Squad of the modern Chicago Police Department. Some of us even got to visit with drug addicts and ex-convicts. The evenings were filled with fascination and excitement as we tackled the city head on. Thus, we obtained a pretty good cross-cut of city life. It was new, so strange, so very fast, and so literally non-existent in Montana. But we found our days centered around Bible school, which started out pretty rough but smoothed over after a mutual understanding had been developed, and soon we didn't have enough time with the kids. But I'd like you to meet some of them.

Suddenly you find yourself in an old schoolhouse with a little curly-headed Puerto Rican boy clinging to your back and squeezing the life out of you. His name is Carlos and he lives across the street in a "high riser." Before you can turn around, a half dozen Indian yells

pierce the air and you are swamped under by a mass of crawling, grating arms and legs. You are here to teach Bible school to these kids. "Teacher," they call you as they look at you with those big, dark, questioning eyes, and you say to yourself, "How can I ever teach them anything?" Soon you realize you are giving so little and receiving so much.

There's Eligio, born 12 years ago in Puerto Rico. Eligio is always throwing rocks and pushing little ones around. But give him a challenge and you'll find he'd rather throw a baseball with the gang than to throw that rock. Look at him closely and you'll see that his toughness is in an ugly shell, that inside he is afraid and cannot face what he knows is his destiny. Destiny? What will Eligio become? An Egyptian Cobra? Perhaps. His future? Who knows? But then, who cares?

And George. He's as nice and sincere a boy as you would meet anywhere. But can he rise above the environment which pins him down? He says, "you don't have a chance"? Maybe. But he'll have to do it alone. He won't have any mother's love or money from his father for college.

And then little Rosa. She is so small, so innocent, unaware that other children will probably have no father, that her life will be a constant struggle in a situation she did nothing to create.

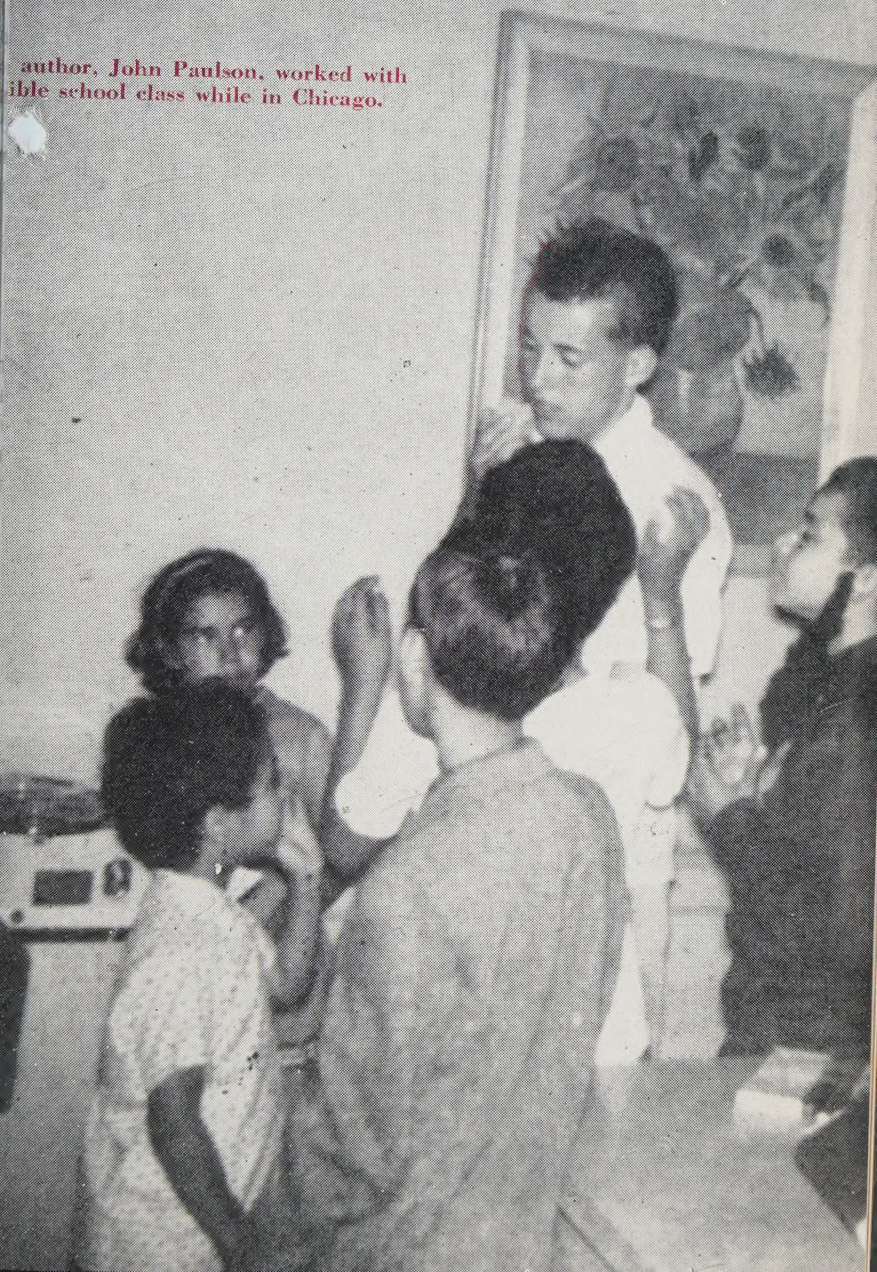
It kind of grows on you, doesn't it?

But suddenly it was over, and the gang was heading home. The spirit of togetherness and fellowship which had grown as we lived, worked and played together was shattered, but it did not disappear. It can never disappear, because how could anyone ever forget?

What gain has the worker from his toil? The product of decades of organized crime, corruption, personal and public apathy, does not disappear in three weeks by the hands of 18 young people. Nor is there any real change in the lives we so barely touched during our stay. Something happens to a guy when a little Negro child clings to him with love-starved affection. Something happens when a little face smiles at you when there is so little to smile about.

Fall from the Nest. Yes, I think we fell from our nests, from our sheltered and secure homes, from our dream worlds. We fell into the reality that there exists what should not exist, and Christianity, no matter what denomination or faith, can dissolve this scar only if every Christian contributes, each in his own way, wholeheartedly and sincerely, making the church a truly more learning and witnessing community. We fell. Some of us found that our wings were not as strong as we thought they were. For the gate is always narrow, and the way is hard, and the journey is long, but there is no other way to life and to God. ▼

author, John Paulson, worked with
ible school class while in Chicago.



touch & go

ON OUR BEING LATE

Your apology (in the December 1962 issue of YOUTH) expressed genuine Christian concern for your readers and I for one appreciate it.

—W. H.,
Toronto, Canada

Can't resist telling you that YOUTH is worth waiting for! Thank you for such an excellent magazine.

—O. W.,
Passaic, N.J.

Sorry to hear you've gotten behind. I've been behind for so long

Teena . . .



"I found out his subjects and class schedule—now I've arranged for fate to throw us together."

that I don't think I'll ever catch up. Hope you have better luck. Keep up the good work with YOUTH.

—J. K.

Baltimore, Md.

I like YOUTH magazine and do our young people. But I don't think they get a good impression when they frequently receive the magazine a Sunday or two late. What good is it if the magazine goes to press when the material is relevant but then is sent out late and is not "relevant" when received by those who are to read it? Could not the material be kept and put into the next issue? Certainly it will not be of date in a week or ten days time. It's important to be on time as well as timely. Perhaps you could stop putting a date on your magazine and then it could be distributed when it arrives.

—M. S.,

Kankakee, Ill.

No apology necessary! You get out the most contemporary relevant magazine for youth I have ever seen.

—P. M.,

Boston, Mass.

CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE:

PHOTOS: 1-32, 22, John Mast; 4, 6-7, Joseph Nettis; 14-15, Elizabeth Hibbs; Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.; 24-25, Alice Kay Smith; 29, George Wright.

AUTHORS: All authors are identified where in the magazine, except for the author of the poem on the back cover (32). Mark Clark wrote the poem, "Listen Here, Listen Man," which was printed in El Barrio, a newspaper published as part of the American Friends Service Committee East Harlem Project. The poem is reprinted here by permission.



What's your favorite way of telling people what you're thinking? Is it writing, sketching, photographing, carving, or simply griping? We're inviting you to express your ideas through one of the creative arts.

To enter YOUTH magazine's 1963 Creative Arts Award competition, you must be younger than 20 years of age. The piece of creative art which you submit must be your own original work. For each contribution, you must attach the title of the work, your name, your age, your street address, city and state. All contributions must be in our hands *by no later than May 1, 1963*. Twenty-five dollars will be sent to each young person whose piece of creative arts is reproduced in YOUTH magazine.

CREATIVE WRITING: Welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—fiction, play, editorial, poetry, humor, satire, true-to-life story, or whatever you feel like writing.

ART WORK: You may submit any type of art work that can be reproduced in YOUTH magazine.

This includes gag or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, abstract art, fancy doodling—any art expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15".

PHOTOS: Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There are no limitations on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size. Each person may submit one or more photos, but no more than five photos. Attach your name and address to the back of each photo.

SCULPTURE: If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding, or carving which you'd like to submit, send us (for preliminary judging) a snapshot of your work. Be sure the photo flatters your work.

Send your original piece of creative expression to: CREATIVE ARTS AWARD, YOUTH Magazine, Room 800, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa.

**LISTEN HERE,
LONELY MAN**

Stay 'way,
Lonely man.
Stay 'way
From my insides,
Makin' me lost
And hurtin' me so.

I'm runnin' fast,
Lonely man,
So's the thump, thump
Of my poundin' feet
Drowns out your
Rotten silence.

I'm singin' loud,
Lonely Man.
Hear my cryin' song
Saying' "No room here
For Lonely Man."

—Marion Clark

